

P O E M S

M O R A L A N D D I V I N E,

ON THE

F O L L O W I N G S U B J E C T S:

- | | |
|--|---|
| I. Man's Fall and Exaltation: or, The Christian Triumph. In Seven Cantos. | III. A Paraphrase on the following Psalms: CXIX, CXLII, CXX, XIII, CXLIV, and CXXX. |
| II. Modern Infidelity: or, The Principles of Atheism exposed and refuted. In a Letter to a Friend. | IV. The Prince and the Patriot In Three Dialogues. |

BY AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN.

To which is added,

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

L O N D O N:

Printed by Charles Rivington,

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MDCCLVI.

John —
Moore, 6th Dec. 3. 1778



M A N's F A L L

A N D

E X A L T A T I O N:

O R, T H E

C H R I S T I A N T R I U M P H.

A P O E M.

I N S E V E N C A N T O S.

As all in Adam's Disobedience fall,

Ev'n so in CHRIST Salvation smiles on all.

THANKS be to GOD, (the solemn Chorus raise!)

Who through his SON the Victory conveys.

1 COR. xv. 22, 57.

MR. A. N. S. F. A. L. L.

EXALTATION.

CHRISTIAN TRUMP.

A. P. O. E. M.

IN SEVEN CANTOS.

As all in Adam's disobedience fell,
Exult in Christ's redemption, faith is all.
Thanks be to God, (the living Christ we hail)
Who through his Son the Victory conveys.

1802. 11. 22. 25.

P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the following Poem (who has little beside the Dignity of his Subject, and the Purity of his Intentions, to recommend him) presumes upon the Candor and good Disposition of the Reader for the Supply of all his Defects.

DIVINE Truth, and that invaluable System of Grace which the SON of GOD himself delivered and sealed to us with his Blood; which points out to us the most amiable and perfect Plan of Felicity, and opens the Door of Salvation to the whole Race of ADAM: These, I say, (whatever Disadvantages the Poem or the Writer may labour under) will undoubtedly find way to the Hearts, and engage the Veneration of all the unbiassed and enlightened Part of Mankind: To such, only, I address myself, and from such, alone, I expect the Indulgence of a candid Perusal.

THERE are a Set of Men (or rather a spurious Race of some inferior Denomination) lately crept into the World, who take a great deal of pains to refine us out of all Religion; split their Wit upon Scripture Passages with great Zeal and Alacrity; rob us of all those inestimable Assurances of Immortality contained in the Gospel; and, in the end, lose us in a Maze of Darknes and Incertainty, or rather (which is more dreadful) of *Nonentity* itself. From these sublime Gentlemen, who soar beyond the Reach of all Arguments deducible from Reason, Philosophy, or Revelation, I expect no other Favour than a Discharge from their usual Artillery of Banter and Ridicule; which, indeed, is the greatest *Encomium* they can bestow —

Should they commend a Poet's Lays,

Who would be found to own the Praise?

Then let them always be satyric,

For that's their highest Panegyric.

P R E F A C E.

OTHERS there are, who, though not in the same *Predicament* with the former, yet, seem to stand at a wide Distance from the true Point of Grace and Virtue: Who, by a long Familiarity with Vanity and Licentiousness, have so far loosened their Principles, and debauched their Morals, that they have no Taste for Things of a divine Relish. The frothy and incoherent Sallies of witty Libertinism excite their Applause and Encouragement; while the grave and sublimer Essays of divine Speculation appear flat and insipid. A little Reflection, and a closer Attention to that internal Principle of divine Light, which can never be wholly extinguished, would discover to these Persons the Danger and Absurdity of their present way of Thinking; the Beauty, Necessity, and Power of Holiness; and the extensive and sublime Pleasures of theological Study and Contemplation.

DIVINE Poetry has, through all Ages, from the first Improvement of Language in the World, been held in Honour and Esteem. Many of the *Antients* excelled therein; and to this we chiefly owe the lofty Themes and sublime Sentiments of the Prophets. There is, in all the distinct Varieties of it, a certain peculiar Propriety, Sweetness, and Majesty, that soothes the Attention, and bears up the Mind upon the Wings of Transport: But when the Muse kindles her Fires in Heaven, and attunes her Numbers to the Symphony of Angels, we are warmed with heavenly Raptures, and filled with the most amiable and exalted Ideas of the Divine Attributes and Perfections.

IF what is here presented to the Reader, can afford him the least Pleasure or Advantage, the Satisfaction will be equally my own. As I have advanced no *Hypothesis* but what is perfectly agreeable to the historical Account of *Moses*, the Tenor of the evangelic System, the concurrent Testimony of the heathen Writers, and the divine Analogy of Faith, I hope the upright and candid Mind will see no material Cause of Objection; at least, will be so far partial, as to draw the Veil of good Nature over all my Errors and Imperfections.

THE
CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH
CANTO I.

SPIRIT of Truth, conduct thy Bard along!
Hallow my Lips, and sanctify my Tongue.
Thou Source of Light, some heav'nly Rays impart,
And beam celestial Ardors on my Heart.
While I, in humble Verse, attempt to raise
A sacred Song of tributary Praise
To the REDEEMER — 'Wake the tuneful Lyre!
Let the deep Organ swell the Rapture high'r!
With Lute and Harp mellifluous Strains advance,
And spread the *Chorus* thro' the wide Expanse!

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

WHAT Thought can measure, or what Pencil trace,

The mystic Wonders of *Redeeming Grace*?

Who can the Bounds of endless Mercy scan?

Or who describe the Love of GOD to MAN?

No copious and sublime a Theme, requires

The Pen of *Angels*, and a *Seraph's* Fires.

YET let me try on feeble Wing to soar;

The Theme invites, and Duty binds me more.

Shou'd M^AN decline MESSIAH's Praise to sing,

The Stones would cry aloud, and hail him KING.

SOON as th' ETERNAL MIND had form'd the Plan,

And breath'd in ductile Clay the Soul of M^AN;

Plac'd him secure in EDEN's blissful Grove,

Sacred to Virtue, Innocence, and Love;

Forth of his Den the fell *Destroyer* came,

Big with infernal Schemes of Death and Shame. —

Hurl'd from the glorious Seat he first enjoy'd,

To the dark Regions of th' *eternal Void*;

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

No more in Heav'n to resume a Place,
On MAN he wou'd revenge the dire Disgrace:
Earth from her Center trembled as he pass'd;
And even smiling Nature look'd aghast,
Soon to the Verge of PARADISE he flew;
The blooming Prospect met his horrid View:
Enrag'd, the blest'd IMMORTALS he survey'd,
Whom Love inspir'd, and Innocence array'd.

IN deep Suspense the *grand Seducer* sat,
Revolving MAN's irrevocable Fate.
At length this dire Resolve determin'd All —
That Disobedience must precede his *Fall*.

PROMPT to beguile, and studious to deceive,
Disguis'd he lay t' ensnare angelic EVE:
The beauteous Nymph, in Fate's malignant Hour,
Alone descended from her lofty Bow'r:
On EDEN's sweet *Ambrosia* to regale,
And breathe the Fragrance of the spicy Vale.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

When thus the *wily* *Serpent* rais'd his Voice:

"Hail, Queen of Worlds! and MAN's peculiar Choice.

"Nothing remains, thro' Nature's wide Pursuit,

"But to partake of that *celestial* *Fruit*.

"Do this, and in the Sphere of Wisdom shine;

"You'll be as *Gods*, omniscient and divine."

SOME Time in Rapture she suspended hung

On the pernicious Magic of his Tongue.

At length reply'd, "All Trees for Food are giv'n,

"Excepting that prohibited by Heav'n:

"Of which 't was thunder'd by the Pow'r on high,

"The Day we eat thereof, we *surely* *die*."

NOT so; (th' accurs'd, insidious *Fiend* reply'd)

"Too long your low Obedience has been try'd.

"Th' ETERNAL knows, in that important Hour,

"You'll be the Rivals of his God-like Pow'r.

"Taste, and refine the dull Remains of Earth;

"Give Immortality a second Birth:

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

5

“ Then wing’d with Life, relinquish these Abodes ;

“ Be first on high, and chief among the *Gods*.”

UNABLE to resist th’ alluring Charm,

She took and eat—Earth felt the dread Alarm!

Wild Horror stalk’d around; a sable Cloud

O’erspread the Day; and Nature mourn’d aloud!

EXULTING, now, th’ accursed *Fiend* withdraws,

And Hell, in Triumph, his’d a loud Applause.

While *Sin* and *Death* with Giant-Strides advance,

And lowring Vengeance clouds the wide Expanse.

EVE, now, eccentric to her Orb of Bliss,

Expects the glorious *Metamorphosis*.

To ADAM the delicious Fruit conveys,

And all the *Serpent*’s Rhetoric displays.

INAPPREHENSIVE of the fatal Cheat,

Or fondly to partake his Consort’s Fate;

6 THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

The *sacred Morsel* from her Hand he took;
Earth groan'd a second Time, and Nature shook!

Too late, they saw their Innocence betray'd,
And Death in all its frightful Shapes array'd.
Avenging Terrors stood before their Eyes,
And fill'd them with astonishing Surprise.
Tremendous Thunders shook this *pendent Ball*;
Nature proclaim'd, and Heav'n pronounc'd their FALL.

C A N T O II.

GOD (whose omniscient Mind can clearly trace
The Tracts of incommensurable Space;

Who thro' Infinity his View extends,
And universal Nature comprehends;)
Beheld the base Apostacy of MAN,
Whose glaring Guilt distain'd his beauteous Plan:
Who in the Dregs of Disobedience lay,
Of Sin the Conquest, and of Death the Prey.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

7

DOWN from on high OMNIPOTENCE descends !

The mighty Theatre of Nature bends !

The Mountains tremble from their solid Base !

And flinty Rocks dissolve before his Face ?

Around the bright Pavilion of his Throne,

Refulgent Beams of sacred Splendor shone.

Myriads of Angels, in immortal Lays,

Melodiously resound his solemn Praise.

To distant Worlds JEHOVAH's Pow'r proclaim ;

While Earth re-echo'd the *tremendous Name* !

ADAM retir'd, astonish'd, dismay'd,

Beneath the Covert of a bow'ry Shade :

There fought in dark Obscurity to lie ;

Vainly presuming to elude the Eye

Of GOD OMNISCIENT ; whose pervading Sight

Explores the Lab'rins of eternal Night.

Who can, with instant Penetration, see

The mazy Series of *Futurity*.

“ ADAM, *come forth!*” GOD gave the *dreadful Word!*
 Thro’ EDEN’S vocal Plains the Voice was heard.
 Trembling with dread Astonishment he came;
 His Face disguised with Horror, Guilt, and Shame:
 His Robes of spotless *Innocence* distain’d,
 And GOD’S *Idea* in his Soul profan’d.

“ WHENCE (said the LORD) this seeming Guilt of Mind?
 “ Hast thou observ’d the *Precept* I injoin’d?”
 He trembling spoke, “ Alas! we were betray’d;
 “ The Rule was good, but we have disobey’d.”

“ Apostate Wretch (OMNIPOTENCE reply’d)
 “ Death is the destin’d Portion of thy Pride.
 “ The Curse of Disobedience is thy due,
 “ And Earth, on thy Account, sustains it too.
 “ Yet, in the *Fulness* of succeeding Days,
 “ REDEEMING GRACE shall beam its *healing Rays*.
 “ The *Woman’s Seed* shall bruise the *Serpent’s Head*,
 “ And vanquish’d Death inglorious shall recede.

- “ Go hence, and cultivate the sterile Soil ;
“ Sustain thy wretched Life by Sweat and Toil :
“ And, when its languid Principles decay,
“ Be, what thou art, *a mere Machine of Clay.*”

THE dreadful Sentence rang in ADAM's Ear
A Peal of Thunder ! — From th' exalted Sphere
Of blissful EDEN, instantly, he fell,
Within the bleak Vicinity of Hell :
Amidst the dreary Wilds of Nature cast ;
How small his Comforts ! and his Grief how vast !

THUS sank into indelible Disgrace,
The *grand Progenitor* of human Race.
Unguarded Mortal ! wantonly remiss
On the important Subject of thy Bliss.
For one luxurious Morfel, to resign
Th' immortal Wreath of *Innocence divine* :
Inestimable Pleasures to forego,
And barter true Felicity for Woe :

10 THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

Unparallel'd Infatuation! — May
The Womb of Night absorb the fatal Day
In an eternal Darkness! — Mourn thou Earth!
And all ye Kindreds of terrestrial Birth!
The dire Contagion strikes all Nature's Plan,
From the most humble Shrub, to haughty MAN.
Whose wretched Offspring wear the fatal Stain
In deep and glaring Colours; ev'ry Vein
Flows with the latent Poison; and each Breath
Sucks in the Lees, the Sediment, of Death.

FROM this unhallow'd *Æra*, Vice began
To make Incurfions on degen'rate MAN.
Forth of her gloomy *Cell* a brooding Train
Of pestilential Evils sprung amain.
See lofty *Pride* and vain *Ambition* soar,
The giddy Heights of *Grandeur* to explore.
See meagre *Envy* whet her pointed Stings,
And skulking *Malice* brush her iron Wings.

Intemperance, the Parent of Disease,
 Scatters around the Venom of its Lees.
 Impatient of Restraint, impetuous *Lust*
 Insinuating blends in ev'ry Gust.
 Array'd like *Truth*, in a resplendent Robe,
 Infernal *Falshood* traverses the Globe.
 Prone as a grov'ling Worm to native Clay,
 Old fordid *Avarice* extends his Sway.
Rapine and *Violence* the Earth o'erspread,
 And banish'd Virtue hung her mournful Head.
Truth pensive sat, an *Exile* in Disgrace;
 How few discern'd the Lustre of her Face!
 All Nature wallowing in Corruption lay,
 And Death triumphant hover'd o'er the Prey.

THUS, thro' the Series of revolving Time,
 The foul Pollution spread from Cline to Cline,
 Hell tyranniz'd on each progressive Stage,
 And monstrous Guilt devolv'd from Age to Age.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

With Blood and Violence the Earth was stain'd,
The *Furies* triumph'd, and old *Chaos* reign'd.

C A N T O III.

FROM Scenes of Death celestial Muse aspire!
Reanimate with Joy the sacred Lyre!
That pure, exalted Theme of Grace pursue,
That first Attractive charm'd thy distant View.
In Strains of Love and Adoration, raise
Thy humble Voice, to celebrate the Praise
OF GOD INCARNATE!—Fan the languid Fires
Which Zeal excites, and Gratitude inspires.

ETERNAL Goodness from the Throne of Grace,
Beheld apostate MAN's degen'rate Race:
Plung'd in the Gulph of Misery and Woe,
Where only Streams of sad Pollution flow.

Divine Compassion beam'd a healing Ray;
And Mercy kindled as the Blaze of Day.
From the eternal Source of Bliss above,
The PROMIS'D HEIR of *all-redeeming Love*
Descending smiles: In his celestial Face
The bright Irradiance of supernal Grace
Diffusive shone: Down from th' immortal Height,
An Host of *Cberubims* around him wait.
Loud Hallelujahs, in exalted Strains
Re-echoing, alarm the vocal Plains.
Wafted around on soft expanding Gales,
An universal *Jubilee* prevails.
All Nature, the harmonious Joy t' increase,
In Rapture hails th' *eternal* PRINCE OF PEACE!

Lo! Earth receives him from the yielding Skies!
Sink low ye Mountains, and ye Valleys rise!
Be ev'ry crooked Path direct and sooth;
Let ev'ry rough unpolish'd Way be smooth:

Before his Face the rugged Wilds prepare;
 With a celestial Reed the Nations square:
 Be all the Earth embellish'd and refin'd,
 Before the GREAT REDEEMER of *Mankind*.

BEHOLD! the *Eastern Sages*, (from afar
 Led by the Guidance of a radiant Star)
 Prostrate before his *infant Meekness* fall,
 And hail him universal LORD of All.
 Low at his Feet their princely Gifts they plac'd,
 And all their regal Train of Glory cast.
 Low at his Feet their Diadems they laid;
 (Whose Presence makes all human Lustre fade:)
 Happy, while that his gracious Lips they press'd,
 In whom all Kindreds of the Earth were blest'd.

ERE the first Speck of *Entity* began,
 Or Wisdom drew the universal Plan:
 Ere teeming Nature (water'd by the Springs
 Of Life) produc'd the Origin of Things:

Ere shapeless Matter into Order came,
Or Pow'r had rear'd the universal Frame;
HE WAS:—Coeval with th' ETERNAL MIND;
Effence of LIGHT INEFFABLE; inshrin'd
In the exalted Sphere of Bliss divine,
Where blazing Splendors of the GODHEAD shine:
Where sov'reign Love in endless Circles glides,
And blooming Immortality resides:
Where Joy, in boundless Emanations, swells,
And pure Tranquility for ever dwells.

HENCE, to redeem the World from Death and Shame,
The SON of GOD's essential Glory came.
Born of a VIRGIN (spotless, and refin'd
From all the gross Alloy of human kind)
He deign'd his *God-like Attributes* to join
With frail *Mortality*; in the divine
And human Nature, laid the wondrous Plan;
Mysterious UNITY of GOD and MAN!

Hid from the feeble Ray of mortal Eye,
OMNISCIENCE, only, can the Act descry.
If Angels (wrapt in purer Light) behold
Yet can't the sacred Myſtery unfold;
Let finite MAN with Reverence adore,
And *Faith* ſupply, what Reaſon can't explore.

YE Sons of Benediction tune your Voice,
And all ye Seed of Piety rejoice.
Beyond the Summit of ætherial Skies,
Upon the Wing of Exultation, riſe.
To heav'nly Raptures 'wake the ſounding Lyre,
And join the Song of the celeſtial Choir,
Anticipate ſome Reliſh of their Joys,
And taſte that Blifs divine that never cloy.

WHAT Ages long without the Verge of Law,
Only by Nature's glim'ring Taper ſaw;
What *Abr'ham* by the Eye of Faith diſcern'd,
And *Iſrael's* Sons by Types and Figures learn'd;

No longer the obscuring Veil conceals,
But to our Eyes a *Flood of Light* reveals.

UNABLE to withstand the rising Day,
Thick Darkneſs flies before the piercing Ray.
Th' *apostate Rebel*, ſeiz'd with dread Surprize,
Back to th' *Abyſs* of endless Horror flies:
Convenes around him the infernal Throng,
While thus dread Accents irritate his Tongue.

“ IN vain againſt OMNIPOTENCE we ſtand,
“ Preſcribing Limits to his ſole Command.
“ Vain the Attempt t' infringe his ſoy'reign Right,
“ To foil his Power, or retrench his Might.
“ He that with thund'ring Vengeance plung'd us here,
“ Now reigns ſupremè: Remoteſt Worlds revere
“ His blazing Sceptre; wide his Pow'rs extend;
“ Submiſs before his Face the Nations bend:
“ Subordinate to him we muſt remain,
“ And drag eternally the *ſervile Chain*.”

SHOCK'D with the Dread of God's avenging Arm,
 All Hell resounded with a dire Alarm!
 Despair, and Anguish, and malignant Spleen,
 Sat brooding Horror o'er th' infernal Scene.
 While GOD the SON his glorious Task pursu'd,
 The *Covenant of Grace* with MAN renew'd,
 And Hell's incroaching Tyranny subdu'd.

C A N T O IV.

FROM the *Arcana* of celestial Grace,
 Where ever-blooming Love displays her Face;
 Where pure *Beatitude* exalted shines,
 Diffusive glows, and ev'ry Scene refines;
 REDEMPTION (fairer than the morning Light)
 On balmy Wing declines her gracious Flight:
 Nature, at whose Approach, attunes her Voice,
 And all the Multitude of Isles rejoice.

Vain Superstition like a Snuff expires,
 And Falshood in her various Shapes retires.
 Error and Infidelity (array'd
 In all their sceptic Forms) sink to the Shade
 Of endless Night: To whose infernal Womb,
 That brooding Scene of universal Gloom,
 Wherein degen'rate Nature lay immers'd,
 The glorious SUN of RIGHTEOUSNESS dispers'd.

BEFORE his Face (serene as genial Day)
 Idolatry retrench'd her iron Sway.
 Down tumbled all the wild, romantic Scenes,
 And vain *Mythology* of heathen Pens.
 Deluded Votaries no longer join
 In Adoration at the *Delphic Shrine*.
 Ambiguous Oracles no Demon guides;
 Enthusiastic Frenzy too subsides.
 The pagan Altars of imperious *Rome*,
 Receive no more the blazing *Hecatomb*.

Thrones, Principalities, and Powers, all
Before the *Ark* of our *Redemption* fall.

FROM Shades of Death, and Scenes of sad Despair,
Let conscious Guilt immerse, and loath its Care.
Shake off ye humble Minds, the servile Tie
Of low Corruption, and aspire on high.
To you the PROMIS'D HEIR of Life descends;
To you th' Abundance of his Grace extends:
For you the Riches of his Goodness flow;
On you he deigns his Favours to bestow:
Vast as Eternity his Love appears;
Replete thro' Ages, unimpair'd by Years.—
Thrice happy ALBION! Live supremely blest'd,
Of his inestimable Truth possess'd.

SEARCH and examine, thro' the sacred Page,
The Sentiments of each prophetic Sage.
Those Records of Antiquity unfold,
Where Verity and Judgment are enrol'd.

Guided along by whose unerring Clue,
With an unprejudic'd Attention, view,
Throughout the whole, in Characters divine,
What clear Predictions of MESSIAH shine:
How all exactly center and accord
In our *Divine Preceptor*, CHRIST the LORD.
These clear Positions of the sacred Text,
By no incongruous Circumstance perplex'd,
In Colours of immortal Truth, display
His Birth, Descent, and spiritual Sway,
With an unparallel'd Exactness. — Low
Before his Footstool let the Heathens bow.
Let *Unbelief* some dread Convictions feel,
Renounce her Scruples, and misguided Zeal:
The sacred Evidence of Truth embrace,
Nor cloud the dawning Lustre of her Face.
The radiant beams of whose meridian Day,
Only the wise and virtuous *Few* survey.

WHAT can the utmost Latitude of Thought,
By all refining Scepticism taught,

Presume to urge against the sacred Plan,
 In Mercy stablish'd, and in Truth began?
 If sov'reign Goodness can the Bosom warm,
 If pure seraphic Love has Pow'r to charm;
 Here, in celestial Cataracts, it flows,
 No Bounds it measures, and no End it knows.
 If Purity of Morals we revere,
 The noblest System, ever pen'd, is here.
 If sage Instruction can the Mind incline,
 'Tis full of Precepts, moral and divine.
 If bright Example best affects the Soul,
 Copy the bright EXEMPLAR of the Whole.
 If glorious *Immortality* excites
 A sacred Thirst for its sublime Delights,
 'Tis here infur'd; by Faith the Grant is seal'd;
 To all Mankind on equal Terms reveal'd.
Celestial Ray! let me thy Charms descry,
 And to my Mind thy sov'reign Bliss apply:
 By Faith supported on this dreary Coast,
 Till Hope in full Enjoyment shall be lost.

By all remaining scepticism taught,

THE pious Soul, whose larger Views extend
 Beyond the Point where Time and Nature end;
 Who on the Wing of Speculation soars,
 And Truth's divinest Quintessence explores;
 By Faith illumin'd, with a Mind serene,
 Expatiates freely o'er th' immortal Scene:
 Truth's evangelic Mysteries perceives,
 Firmly adheres, and candidly believes:
 Obstructing Difficulties disappear,
 The Prospect brightens, and the Scene is clear.
 But put the Lamp of *Revelation* out,
 And all evaporates in *airy Doubt*.

C A N T O VI.

CELESTIAL Muse? the grateful Theme prolong;

Attune thy Numbers in descriptive Song:

MESSIAH's *God-like Attributes* rehearse,

And with his fair Perfections crown thy Verse.

Pleasing the Task, tho' arduous and sublime,
To fetter'd Language, and restrictive Rhime.

TRANSCENDENT were the Virtues he possess'd,
And pure the Dictates that inform'd his Breast.
Consummate Wisdom dignify'd his Mien;
Most affable, majestic, and serene.
His whole Address, from Vanity secure,
Was elegant and grave, refin'd and pure.
With Emulation all his Pow'rs combin'd
In pure Religion to instruct Mankind:
Whose sacred Ordinance seem'd to be
Not more his Care than his Felicity.
His warm Rebukes with Majesty he press'd;
In Mildness all his Counsels were address'd.
Divine Compassion in his Bosom dwelt;
For all he labour'd, and for all he felt.
There soft Humanity new Charms acquir'd,
And ev'ry tender Sentiment inspir'd.

Thence universal Charity display'd
 Her sov'reign Beams of universal Aid.
 Supernal Pow'r sat in his radiant Look,
 A Grace diffusive dazled ere he spoke.
 Extensive Candor all around him charm'd,
 And pure Benevolence his Bosom warm'd.
 From tender Infancy, to Life's Decline,
 In each Relation, human and divine,
 Profound Humility adorn'd his Soul,
 Each Grace emblazon'd, and endear'd the Whole.
 In whose divine Excellencies, we find
 The perfect Transcript of th' ETERNAL MIND.

BAPTIZ'D by one that own'd his Power supreme,
 Behold him rise from *Jordan's* hallow'd Stream:
 DIVINE EFFUSION on his Head appears;
 While from on high OMNIPOTENCE declares
 This solemn Recognition: "*THOU* alone,
 "*Art my eternal, well beloved SON,*

“ *In whom I rest delighted!* ” Wide the Plain
 Of antient *Jericho* repeats the Strain.
 On *Jordan's* yielding Wave the Murmur glides,
 And mingles tuneful in its swelling Tides.
 Diluting Winds reverberate the Voice;
 The Valleys warble, and the Hills rejoice!

THUS recogniz'd, as Nature tunes her Lays,
 Believing Numbers celebrate his Praise.
 Increasing Multitudes around him join,
 By Truth assur'd his Mission was divine.

FULL of supernal Energy and Grace,
 Bright *Inspiration* sparkles in his Face.
 Disease and Death obey his great Command:
 All Nature lies beneath his copious Hand.
 The deaf and silent Organs know his Voice,
 Hear when he calls, and in his Name rejoice.
 His pow'rful Word infernal Demons fear,
 And trembling with Reluctancy revere.

Explores the Chambers of the silent Tomb,
 And bids the Dead their wonted Pow'rs assume:
 From morbid Stains refines the sanguine Mass,
 And purifies the *Leper's* foul Disgrace:
 To paralytic Impotence restores
 Unshaken Vigour, and elastic Pow'rs:
 Sweet Absolution to the Mind applies,
 And bids the conscious humble Soul arise:
 From cloudy Films the fightless Orb refines,
 And beams the visual Ray in stronger Lines.

AT his Command the stormy Winds obey,
 And gentle Calms appease the foaming Sea:
 Nature's establish'd Principles refine,
 And simple Water flows a gen'rous Wine.

BUOY'D up by *Faith*, his Anchor-hold in GOD,
 The Deep he measur'd, and the Billows trod.
 Beneath his sacred Feet the fluid Wave
 Forgot the Properties that Nature gave.

THE Miracle of *Bread* exceeds my Lays:
 What thought can frame its *Adequate* of Praise?
 Five Barley Loaves five thousand Souls sustain!
 Nature essays to solve the Act in vain.
 By Faith the sov'reign Mystery we trace;
 Bread was the *Symbol*, but the Food was *Grace*.

GREAT were the Images that fill'd his Mind,
 Exalted, universal, unconfi'd.
 The Heart of MAN he in the Balance weigh'd,
 And all its secret Avenues survey'd.
 With holy Scorn the *Tempter's* Wiles defy'd,
 Repuls'd his Arguments, and dash'd his Pride.
 The transcient Glories of the World despis'd,
 Howe'er attractive, or howe'er disguis'd.
 In Meekness, Temp'rance, Charity, and Love,
 (Pure Emanations flowing from above)
 His Soul delighted; these around him shone,
 Superior to the Lustre of a Throne.

Heav'ns irritated Vengeance to appease,
Make fervile Man the Denizen of Grace;
GOD's high Demands of Justice to repay,
Yet Mercy's sov'reign Attribute display;
To purge the Guilt contracted by the FALL,
And purchase IMMORTALITY for *All*,
Was his *Ambition*; this the glorious *End*,
GOD's *equal* SON, and MAN's *eternal* Friend,
In wond'rous Love accomplish'd. — O! my Soul,
How art thou bound his Mercies to extol!
If weak and languid is thy best Essay,
Bid tuneful Nature animate the Lay.
Wide as the Firmament his Love rehearse,
And sound his Praises thro' the Universe!

C A N T O VI.

BENEATH the Scene of Horror that remains,
 Pensive the Muse her drooping Wing sustains.

Unpolished are the Lays, and weak the Fires,
 Which Grief adorns, and only Grief inspires.

'Twas not enough that GOD the SON resign'd
 The pure Fruition of th'ETERNAL MIND;
 Pass'd all the gloomy Scenes of mortal Strife;
 Bore all the harsh Vicissitudes of Life;
 Was cloth'd in *Flesh*, of no Repute became;
 Sustain'd our Weakness, and dispis'd the Shame:
 'Twas not enough his Vigour wore away,
 By Night in Watchings, and in Toils by Day.
 Exhausted by each mortifying Care
 His Body could sustain, or Nature bear:
 'Twas not enough he laid the gracious Plan
 For the supreme Felicity of MAN;

Urg'd by Example, what his Precepts taught,
In Life instructive, as refin'd in Thought:
'Twas not enough he stretch'd his Arm to quell
The Tyranny of Sin, and Pow'rs of Hell:
Subdu'd their Influence, restrain'd their Rage,
And shone the Light of one benighted Age:
No: Further yet his Suff'rings must extend;
His *Grace* and *Truth* to latest Times descend:
O'er cruel Death the Conquest yet remain'd,
Which only by his *own* cou'd be obtain'd.

Tho' all his Life was one continu'd Scene
Of spotless Innocence and Truth serene:
Tho' he distinguish'd each revolving Hour,
By some supernal Act of *Grace* or *Pow'r*:
Tho' all his gracious Labours were design'd
For the important Welfare of Mankind:—
A faithless and incorrigible Race,
(Ungrateful, stubborn, arrogant, and base;

Blind to the Light of Knowledge from their Youth,
And deaf to all the pow'rful Charms of Truth;)
The Demonstrations of his Grace abuse,
Degrade his Mission, and his Light refuse:
Revile the sacred Doctrines that he taught,
And scandalize the mighty Works he wrought:
In League united with the Spleen of Hell,
Against his Life with Rage indignant swell:
Stubborn the Sons of *Belial* to betray,
And falsly swear his Innocence away.
His prescient Mind foreknew their black Intent,
And travers'd o'er the tragical Event:
As GOD, he fearless meets the fiery Dart;
As MAN, reluctant Nature seems to start.

How deep the Conflict that his Mind sustain'd,
While bath'd in Tears of Blood his Soul complain'd!
Before his Face the Cup of Vengeance stood,
Surcharg'd with all the Guilt of Flesh and Blood:

Tho' human Weakness shudders at the Thought,
Yet meekly he accepts the *bitter Draught* :
In filial Rev'rence, perfectly resign'd
To the *Decretals* of th' ETERNAL MIND.

SEIZ'D and attack'd by sacrilegious Hands,
Before the *black Tribunal* lo! he stands.
His *Judge*, a Heathen of the *Roman Line*,
And his *Accusers*, Men of black Design.
False Depositions, urg'd with Clamour, sprung
From each unhallow'd and opprobrious Tongue.
No legal Form of Process, but the rude
Malignant Jargon of a Multitude.
Beneath their cruel, arbitrary Spleen,
His meek and pious Soul appear'd serene :
When they revil'd, his Tongue with Blessings flow'd,
Faith arm'd his Courage, and his Hope was God.

Too easily their bloody Rage prevail'd,
While they invok'd the Curse their Guilt intail'd.

The partial *Judge* indulg'd their dire Request,
 Tho' 'gainst the Dictates of his Savage Breast.
 To cruel *Death* adjudg'd the LORD of *Life*;
 Who fell a Sacrifice to Guilt and Strife.

LADEN with all Indignity and Shame,
 Invention cou'd suggest, or Malice frame;
 Behold him hurry'd to the fatal Place,
 The dreadful Spot of Horror and Disgrace:
 Surrounded by a fierce, inhuman Clan,
 Obnoxious to the Name of GOD and MAN.

HERE let the Muse, beneath her trembling Wing,
 Deplore in Silence what she cannot sing.

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— Be Heav'n and Earth astonish'd with Surprise! —
For sinful MAN the LORD of Nature dies!
Nature! — Who sympathizing feels the Stroke,
And with convulsive Dread sustains the Shock.
In solemn Grief her various Pow'rs unite —
All Faces gather Blackness at the Sight,
To screen the Blushes of the solar Ray,
An universal Gloom o'er spreads the Day,
Earth, trembling to her inmost Cell, bemoans —
And distant Worlds re-echo back his Groans.

Not all th' united Force of Hell combin'd,
Cou'd shake the Firmness of his *God-like Mind*.
Upon the Verge of Life's imbitter'd Span,
His Meekness triumph'd o'er the Rage of MAN.
While agonizing Tortures rack'd his Breast,
FATHER, *forgive them!* was his mild Request.
Humility his keenest Moments grac'd,
Adorn'd his *first*, and sanctify'd his *last*.

LEARN here, my Soul, thy Passions to restrain,
 Beneath the pungent Force of Grief or Pain.
 Contemn the Mock'ry of insulting Pride,
 Lay ev'ry vain Solicitude aside;
 The chaf'ning Rod submissive learn to bear,
 Nor think the *all-dispensing Hand* severe:
 The bright Example of his Patience trace,
 Whose Resignation smil'd in Death's Embrace:
 Who seal'd his Meekness with expiring Breath,
 And by his *Acquiescence* conquer'd *Death*.

C A N T O VII.

ONCE more, celestial Muse! attune the Lyre;
 The sweetest Notes of grateful Joy inspire.
 A SONG of TRIUMPH now demands thy Voice;
 Assist, ye Pow'rs of Nature, and rejoice.
 Source of eternal Truth! thy Aid bestow,
 And teach my tardy Numbers how to flow.

AWAKE from Silence ev'ry sounding String;
Let ev'ry Tongue in holy Raptures sing.
Proclaim aloud! (the grateful Tidings spread;) *The PRINCE OF LIFE* is risen from the *Dead!*

GREAT GOD! thy infinite, stupendous Ways
Transcend our Knowledge, and exceed our Praise.
Let all the Earth with Reverence adore
The Demonstrations of thy sov'reign Pow'r.
Full of the *pure Divinity* of THEE,
Thy HOLY ONE cou'd no Corruption see.
Therefore my crumbling Particles of Clay
Shall rest in Hope of the *triumphant Day*:
Since from th' insatiate, all-devouring Grave,
Thy Hand can rescue, and thy Pow'r will save.

IN Strains like these the *royal Psalmist* sung,
While Truth inspired his prophetic Tongue.
Time has accomplish'd the *divine Presage*,
And verify'd at large the sacred Page.

JESU! (by cruel Sons of *Belial* slain)
 The third revolving Day appears again.
 HE lives! (whom ev'ry pious Mind adores)
 Behold the Tomb its sacred Prey restores!
 Let *Unbelief* all Prejudice resign,
 And be convinc'd his Power was Divine.

WITNESS, ye venal Guards, whose watchful Eyes
 With Horror and Amazement saw him rise;
 Witness ye dawning Beams of morning Light,
 That first dispel the gloomy Shades of Night;
 Witness ye holy Angels from on high,
 Whose Presence shone where he vouchsaf'd to lie;
 Witness ye vanquish'd Pow'rs of Hell beneath—
 His RESURRECTION from the *Shades of Death*.

O DEATH! where now is thy unconquer'd Sting,
 Whence all our boding Terrors wont to spring?
 O GRAVE! where now is thy victorious Boast,
 Where all our Hopes were in Oblivion lost?

No more your dreadful Names affright our Ears,
Our Joys imbitter, or increase our Fears.
The SON of GOD, in one distinguish'd Hour,
Has foil'd your Terrors, and abridg'd your Pow'r.
To MAN th' important Victory descends,
And in immortal Bliss the TRIUMPH ends.

YE Sons of Piety! lift up your Eyes,
Behold, your GREAT REDEEMER mounts the Skies!
His infinite Designs on Earth complete,
Triumphant he ascends th' immortal Seat:
On GOD's *right Hand* establishes his Throne,
Firm as th' eternal Base 'tis fix'd upon.
Crown'd with the Palm of Victory and Grace,
He thence reveals the Op'nings of his Face.
Smiles on the pious Labours of the Just,
And sooths our Grief in penitential Dust.
There, as our ADVOCATE, he calms the Laws
Of angry Justice, and impleads our Cause.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH

There, as our INTERCESSOR, he, alone,
 Presents our Cries before his FATHER'S Throne.
 Whose *mediatorial Influence* acquires
 The full Completion of our meek Desires.
 Divine Indulgence to our Souls procures,
 Confirms our Wishes, and our Hopes insures.

How deep the Guilt, how glaring the Offence,
 Absolv'd at such an infinite Expence
 As the Effusion of his Blood! — How ought
 Our grateful Souls to shudder at the Thought!
 Can we behold him die to sooth our Fears,
 Untouch'd with Grief, and undissolv'd in Tears?
 Can we his TRIUMPH o'er the *Grave* survey,
 And not in *Songs triumphant* hail the Day? —
 No reeking Sacrifice of Bullock slain,
 No odourous Perfumes, no Rites profane,
 But spiritualiz'd, in ev'ry Part,
 Must be th' intire Oblation of the Heart.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

O LAMB of GOD! thy Goodness how immense!
Transcending all the Pow'rs of finite Sense.
O bountiful REDEEMER! mild as good,
Behold the *Purchase* of thy *precious Blood*!
Thy gracious Pity to our Cares extend,
And with thy sacred Shield our Souls defend.
Support our Weakness by thy sov'reign Pow'r,
And cheer our Sadness in each gloomy Hour.
All our interior Faculties refine,
And purify our Souls with *Grace divine*.
When Thou art present, all our Cares subside;
Thou *great* PROTECTOR, and *eternal* GUIDE!

IN him we live! (of Grace th' *adoptive Heirs*)
Whose Love no Time, whose Truth no Age impairs.
O MAN! thy noblest Faculties employ,
T' adore his Mercy, and express thy Joy.
Prostrate before his *sacred Altar* fall,
Embrace him there, and reverence his CALL:

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

There he displays the Lustre of his Face,
And cheers our Souls with large Supplies of Grace:
No less a Banquet than HIMSELF imparts,
And pours divine Refreshment on our Hearts.

STUPENDOUS Love! beyond the Reach of Verse,
Or Eloquence 'of Language to rehearse.
Vast as Immensity, no Bounds it knows,
But pregnant thro' eternal Ages flows!

GLORY to GOD!—In evangelic Strains,
Resound his Praises thro' the vocal Plains.
To CHRIST, his *equal* SON, for ever blest'd,
Immortal Songs of Honour be address'd.
Wide as th' alternate Scenes of Night and Day;
To the ETERNAL SPIRIT swell the Lay.
Let all that range the universal Sphere,
The undivided TRINITY revere.
But chiefly thou, O MAN! attune thy Voice,
And make the sacred Song thy *solemn* Choice.

MODERN INFIDELITY:

OR, THE

PRINCIPLES OF ATHEISM

EXPOSED AND REFUTED.

A P O E M,

INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND.

MODERN INFIDELITY

OR THE
PRINCIPLES OF ATHEISM

EXPOSED AND REFUTED.

A POPE M.

INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND.

[45]

THE
PRINCIPLES OF ATHEISM
EXPOSED AND REFUTED.

The Fool hath said in his Heart, There is no GOD.

PSAL. xiv. 1.

DEAR SIR, To you, whose comprehensive Mind
Has long perus'd the Volume of Mankind,
Trac'd useful Science to its native Source,
And thence with steady Eye pursu'd its Course;
To you, whose Thoughts no Prejudice can curb;
No gloomy Doubts perplex, no Fears disturb;
Who, led by sacred TRUTH's *unerring Clue*,
Substantial Bliss and solid Good pursue; —
Undeviating range the Maze of Life,
Thro' various Wilds of Error, Guilt, and Strife;
To you, whose *cordial Friendship* sooths my Carés,
And animates the Joys my Bosom shares;

46 THE PRINCIPLES OF ATHEISM

Th' imperfect Transcript of some Thoughts I fend,

Conceiv'd more just, than accurately pen'd.

If you approve, let snarling *Sceptics* rage,

And vent their muddy Spleen on ev'ry Page.

Shou'd such vouchsafe to stigmatize my Lays,

I'd humbly take it for a kind of Praise.

TRUTH only to her Sons is *truly* known, —

Rever'd and patroniz'd by them alone: —

Is chiefly to be found in rural Cells,

Where silent, peaceful Contemplation dwells:

Where Meekness reigns, celestial *Virtue* guides,

And calm, serene Tranquility resides.

Undoubtedly no Latitude of Place

Can from the *Wise* and *Virtuous* screen her Face:

Whatever Sphere of busy Life they fill,

Th' immortal Nymph attends and charms them still.

Consult the Dictates of your faithful Breast,

Your sage Experience will this Truth attest.

Whether your Eye surveys the splendid Court,

(Where fawning *Sycophants* in Crouds resort)

Or to some humble Roof your Steps incline,
 Where all the Charms of God-like VIRTUE shine;
 Whether you mingle with the City Throng,
 And 'midst incessant Clamours shove along —
 O'er Nature's various Face extend your Views,
 Or in your peaceful Closet court the Muse;
 TRUTH, ever present, all around you shines,
 Directs your Judgment, and your Sense refines.
 Adjusts the various Schemes of Wrong and Right,
 And points the CENTER where *all Truths* unite.

THUS, guided by the bright, celestial Ray,
 The grave, discerning *Few*, direct their Way.
 No false Positions, wrap'd in TRUTH's Disguise,
 Can strike them with Illusion or Surprise.
 No artful Sophistry, no smooth Pretence,
 Can cloud their *Reason*, or pervert their *Sense*.
 Unmov'd they stand, superior to a Train
 Of cobweb Arguments, and Schemes profane.

The Path of Immortality pursue,
 Retaining still the *glorious Point* in View:
 Till (Life's probationary Mazes trod)
 They by a calm Transition soar to God.

SUCH sov'reign Bliss attends the humble Mind,
 By TRUTH inlighten'd, and by Grace refin'd.
 But can the *sceptic Subtilty* of Man
 Explain how TRUTH supports the modern Plan;
 Which certain Wits notoriously advance,
 That *universal Nature* sprung from *Chance*?
 That (*passive*) Matter, volatile and free,
 Derives Existence from Eternity;
 No other Model or Impression took,
 Than what their *chance Formation* blindly struck:
 That on the Basis of th' *atomic Scheme*,
 The mighty Structure of this beauteous Frame
 Indissoluble stands; — That *Nature's* Laws
 Suppose no prior, self-existent *Cause*;

That no *superior Providence* presides
O'er human Policy, affects, or guides,
The grand Machine of Life; — That *Nature's* Voice,
Alone, determines and directs our Choice:
That Death annihilates our vital Frame,
And all *HEREAFTER's* but an empty Name? —
Ye *Advocates*, declare how Truth agrees
With Doctrines so *irrational* as these!
Irreconcilable to human Sense,
And ev'ry *Ratio* of a just Defence.

THAT there's a *GOD*, all *Nature* cries aloud!
All Ages have this Principle avow'd.
All Nations hail his universal Sway:
Grand Source of Life, and Spring of endless Day!
Grave Science, Reason, and Experience join,
To prove this *Truth* eternal and divine.
What dire Infatuation, then, what blind,
Incorrigible Zeal, invades the Mind

50 THE PRINCIPLES OF ATHEISM

Of the obdurate *Sceptic*! — Ever prone
To censure *all* Things and to credit *none*.

DARK is th' Inquiry, and debas'd the Sense,
That proves abortive of OMNIPOTENCE.
Blind is the Genius, and obscure the Eye,
That can't his sov'reign Attributes discern.
Whether in *Nature's* Road I musing stray,
And thro' terrestrial Scenes pursue my Way;
Or more intent, in Speculation rise,
To trace the brighter Volume of the Skies;
One sov'reign CAUSE, One infinite SUPREME,
(Great, inexhaustible, transcendent Theme!)
My mental Pow'rs discern. — From Pole to Pole,
Eternal Wisdom shines, and rules the Whole.
Cou'd finite Sense the Prospect still pursue,
What boundless Scenes of Wonder ever new,
Wou'd strike the Soul! — But let the humble Mind
Possess the Sphere that *Nature* has assign'd.

With diffident Humility explore
 The Demonstrations of *Almighty Pow'r*.
 From ev'ry Scene *Conviction* will arise,
 To fill the Soul with Rev'rence and Surprise.

As from OMNIPOTENCE *Creation* sprung,
 (By whom each Orb was in Suspension hung
 To whom all *Being* as its Center tends,
 Whose copious Hand *all Nature* comprehends;) And prove that
 So, to his *providential Care*, we owe
 The daily Blessings that around us flow.
 'Tis that, alone, secures us, 'midst the Strife,
 The Snares, the Woes, the Hurricanes of Life.
 Superintends the universal Plan;
 Approves or disconcerts the Schemes of Man;
 Preserves the Order of this beauteous Frame,
 Daily inverted, yet thro' Time the *same*.

YE accidental Progeny of *Chance*,
 (Deep read in scientific Ignorance)

52 THE PRINCIPLES OF ATHEISM

Exert your Penetration, to unfold
The Laws in *Nature's* Register inrol'd,
Of *secondary Causes* trace the Chain,
Define the System, and each Link explain.
Say, Whence such Order, Harmony, Design,
But from *superior Pow'r*, and Skill divine.

HERE might the *Muse* the Force of REASON try,
And prove those *Truths* they impiously deny.
But raise th' illustrious *Exile* to her Throne,
And deign to make th' important Talk your own.
At least so far your Prejudices quit,
As to peruse what WOLLASTON has writ.

TH' opprobrious *Atheist*, TRUTH's eternal Foe,
Declines t' unravel what he dreads to know.
Is there a G O D? — He shudders at the Thought!
Tempted to doubt, he soon believes it not.
The dire Delusion eager to embrace
He pleads his Nostrums with a solemn Face.

'Gainst TRUTH and REASON wages the Dispute,
Intent to baffle, tho' he can't confute.

GROWN more profane, Religion he defies,
Both in its sacred and its moral Ties.
Proves, by inverted Rules, there is no GOD,
No Pow'r superior to his native Clod.
With little Wit, small Judgment, and less Grace,
He strives the *sacred Canon* to debase:
But all his Arguments prove Foils at last,
And only *brighten* what they would o'ercast.

UNHAPPY Mortal ! (on Destruction bent,
Resolv'd to prove it in its full Extent)
One *dreadful Period* will thy Steps await,
And bring *Conviction*, tho' (I fear) too late.
Fast as thy transient Pleasures glide away
Each fleeting Moment hastens on the Day.
It comes ! — The King of Terrors meets thy View !
Despair succeeds, and racking Doubts ensue.

54 THE PRINCIPLES OF ATHEISM

What canst thou answer in this dreadful Hour,
 Beneath the Shock of this *coercive* Pow'r?
 Ten thousand Worlds thou freely cou'dst impart,
 To bribe the *Tyrant*, and avert his Dart.
 Dire Apprehensions strike thee with Surprise,
 And boding Fears with ev'ry Thought arise.
 Hope disappears, internal Comforts die,
 And all denote the *fatal Crisis* nigh! —
 How dreadful must this Dissolution be,
 Thus launching forth into Eternity,
 Who views with Horror, what he disbeliev'd,
 And finds himself *eternally deceiv'd*

Not so the *pious Soul*, who views the Scene
 With silent Transport, and with Hope serene.
 By *Faith* anticipates the Joys above,
 And meets th' Embraces of *Redeeming Love*.
 Exulting, quits her Vehicle of Clay,
 And to celestial Mansions wings her Way.

Where pure *Beatitude* exalted shines;
 Where glorious Plans, and infinite Designs,
 OMNIPOTENCE proclaim! — But, Muse forbear,
 Description cannot reach th' immortal Sphere.
 What human Elocution can display,
 Or sing the Glories of *eternal Day*?

SHOU'D we admit the *Atheistic Scheme*,
 That all HEREAFTER is an airy Dream,
 What is it they so strenuously defend?
 For what with such elab'rate Zeal contend?
 An *Evil* dreadful to the Pow'r of Sense;
 Shocking to REASON; purchas'd at th' Expense
 Of future Blis: — Since *not to be*, destroys
 Our fairest Hopes, and withers all our Joys.
 Cou'd Death annihilate that *Spark divine*,
 That *Intellect immortal*, lodg'd within;
 If with our vital Lamp our *Being* ends,
 And that beyond the Grave no Hope extends;

What Acquisitions can the Sceptic boast?
 What has he really gain'd that we have *lost*?
 But, if, by TRUTH's immutable Decree,
 A Soul immortal *cannot cease to be*,
 If that *Existence* shall for ever know,
 Transcendent Pleasure or consummate Woe;
 Its Happiness exalted and refin'd,
 As it resembles the ETERNAL MIND;
 In just Proportion, all its Woes intense,
 As it inverts that *sov'reign Excellence*;
 If these are Truths, analagous to Thought,
 By *Heav'n* asserted, and by *Reason* taught;
 What perfect Bliss shall *virtuous Minds* attain,
 What Woes attend the *Vicious* and *Profane*!
 Who can the vast *Disparity* express?
 'Tis infinite, nor ever can be less.

IF thro' th' extended Scene of human Race,
 The various Systems of *Belief* we trace,

EXPOSED AND REFUTED.

Something analogous to TRUTH, appears
In all, and each the sacred Name reveres.
But the mere Shadow of the *sceptic Plan*
Speaks it opprobrious both to GOD and Man.
No *sov'reign Truths* its Principles contain,
No Charms exhibit our Assent to gain;
REASON abhors to speak in its Defence;
What is it then? — A Rape on common Sense.

ALL other *Systems* in this *Truth* unite,
That there's one sov'reign Principle of Light!
All other *Schemes* some Happiness propose,
And each displays the Blessings it bestows.
But where nor TRUTH nor REASON we descry,
All Happiness sublime eludes the Eye.
Where Falshood and Impiety preside,
What Virtues warm us, or what Precepts guide?
Dark is the Prospect such a Scheme displays;
We grope astonish'd in the gloomy Maze.

8 THE PRINCIPLES OF ATHEISM

Where no delicious Promises excite,
No Hopes inspire us, and no Joys invite.

SURPRIZING, that a *System* so profane,
So falsely schem'd, should *Profelytes* obtain!
Of all the sacred Promises, that charm
The pious Soul, and mortal Cares disarm;
Of all the pleasing Hopes, whereby we climb
Celestial Heights, and taste of Bliss sublime;
Of an *Existence*, glorify'd and pure,
Which thro' eternal Ages shall endure,
It robs the Mind; — And in return, we share
Annihilation, Horror, and Despair.
How *just* the Balance, let all such decide,
Who deign to make impartial TRUTH their Guide.

WHAT anxious Doubts, what secret Pangs, annoy
The *impious Wretch*, and vanquish all his Joy?
He spurns the Thought of *Immortality*,
Yet *starts* to think he cannot *always* be.

EXPOSED AND REFUTED.

This dire Reflection damps his gayest Hours,
And strikes Reluctance thro' his vital Pow'rs.
But if one *erring Thought* such Dread excite,
How must he tremble could he *think aright!*

O THOU, whose brighter Virtues I revere,
Thou *just Preceptor*, and thou *Friend sincere!*
Whose comprehensive Thought maturely weighs,
What Life exhibits, or what Sense conveys;
Say, whence the *Causes* that Mankind divide
Proceed they not from *Ignorance* or *Pride?*
By *that* o'er-clouded, we no *Truths* discern,
Prompted by *this*, we rarely stoop to learn.
Hence Error, Falshood and misguided Zeal,
Depreciate REASON, and o'er TRUTH prevail.
Hence the imperious, self-important Thought,
Too wise to know, too lofty to be taught.
Hence gloomy *Prejudice*, the grand Barrier
To *purest Reason*, and to *Science clear*.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ATHEISM, &c.

ence all the senseless Forms, and mystic Snares,

errant Fools, and crafty *Visionairs*.

ere let me cease — The dark Detail would tire

he friendly Muse, and damp her glowing Fire.

FEW seek for TRUTH, and fewer come prepar'd

With Dispositions worthy her Regard.

there a Soul the Sense of *Virtue* warms?

n it she beams the Lustre of her Charms.

ch, tho' it falls, no Evil shall sustain,

ut rise with *double Energy* again.

s when we trip, our sluggish Pace we mend,

nd *stricter Views* our future Steps attend.

F A I N would the Muse her Inclination sooth,

nd here expatiate on the Charms of TRUTH.

ut conscious so divine a Theme requires

he clearest Images, the purest Fires;

he therefore bids the pleasing Thought adieu,

ill she has copy'd all her Charms from Y O U.

A

P A R A P H R A S E

ON THE FOLLOWING

P S A L M S:

CXIX, CXLIII, CXLII, CXX, XIII, CXLIV, CXXX.

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P A R A P H R A S E

OR THE FOLLOWING

P A R A P H R A S E

XXIX, CXLII, CXLIII, CXLIV, CXLV

P S A L M S

P A R A P H R A S E D.

P S A L M CXIX.

S A N C T I F I E D A F F L I C T I O N.

VER. 153.

GREAT GOD of Consolation! see
 What bitter Cares my Soul possess;
 In gracious Pity set me free,
 And ev'ry rising Grief suppress.

VER. 81, 82.

My Soul for thy Salvation faints;
 A dim Suffusion veils my Eyes:
 When wilt thou answer my Complaints,
 Absolve my Guilt, and bid me rise.

VER. 71.

Yet, let me not repining stand,
Thy Purpose sanctifies thy Rod;
The gentle Scourges of thy Hand
Still bring me nearer to my God.

VER. 50.

This proves my Comfort in Distress,
When Joy declines and Friendship low'rs,
The Pleasures of thy Word increase,
And quicken all my mental Pow'rs.

VER. 92.

What less could mitigate my Grief,
Internal Hope or Joy supply?
Depriv'd of that divine Relief,
Hope disappears, and Comforts die.

VER. 75.

Thy Dispensations I revere,

And ev'ry anxious Thought compose;

Affur'd the Discipline I bear

From thy paternal Goodness flows.

VER. 67.

Ere I had known Affliction's School,

My treach'rous Feet were led astray;

But there I've learn'd a sacred Rule —

Thy Word's a Clue to guide my Way.

P S A L M CXLIII.

A N H U M B L E A D D R E S S T O G O D.

HEAR, gracious LORD, my fervent Prayer,

Indulge my humble Cry:

Thy Truth and Righteousness declare,

And save me from on high.

66 PSALMS PARAPHRASED.

Remit my Guilt, nor call me forth

In Judgment to appear :

Since none of all the Tribes on Earth

Can in thy Sight be clear.

The Hand of unrelenting Pow'r

My Happiness invades :

As Men that long have been no more,

I grovel in the Shades.

Hence potent Grief and gloomy Care,

My inward Peace destroy :

The black Intrusions of Despair

Cloud ev'ry Glimpse of Joy.

Yet, from the Scenes of past Distress

Some Comforts I derive ;

The antient Wonders of thy Grace,

My dying Hopes revive.

To Thee I stretch my Hands abroad,
 And raise my mental Pow'rs;
 So thirsts the dry and parched Clod
 For the refreshing Show'rs.

Hear, O my God! be quick to save;
 My vital Strength decays:
 Thy Absence sinks me to the Grave,
 And withers out my Days.

When balmy Sleep forsakes my Head;
 Thy gracious Aid impart;
 Describe the Path I ought to tread,
 And fix it in my Heart.

To Thee my languid Soul aspires
 When threat'ning Foes engage;
 Vouchsafe to second my Desires,
 And disconcert their Rage.

Teach me to execute thy Will,

My only sov'reign Guide!

And bear me to thy sacred Hill,

Where endless Joys reside.

Quicken, O God! and make me whole

Extinguish all Despair;

Inlarge and extricate my Soul,

And dissipate my Care.

Then, while thy Goodness shall prolong

The Measure of my Days,

My grateful Soul shall prompt my Tongue

To celebrate thy Praise.

P S A L M CXLII.

THE VOICE OF AFFLICTION: OR,
A SUPPLICATION OF DIVINE MERCY.

TO GOD I raise my humble Cry,
To him unfold my mournful Case;
Prostrate before his Throne I lie,
T' implore and supplicate his Grace.

While, plung'd in Sorrow, I endure
Th' opprobrious Taunts of scornful Pride,
How far my Sentiments are pure,
Omniscience, only, can decide.

Around I cast my wishful Eyes,
Distress'd, abandon'd, and forlorn,
But to my Grief a sad Surprise,
Am answer'd with Contempt and Scorn.

No kindly Refuge or Retreat

Invites my fainting Soul to Rest

No soft Humanity I meet,

No friendly Comforts makes me blest.

Indulge, O God! my louder Cry,

Cherish my Hope, and sooth my Fear;

Thou art my sov'reign Bliss on high,

Be thou my Shield and Refuge here.

While I beneath Affliction bow,

To my pathetic Suit attend,

And let my Persecutors know

Omnipotence is still my Friend.

Inlarge my Sphere, and set me free

From Prison, Bondage, Guilt, and Shame;

Then shall the Righteous join with me,

Thy kind Indulgence to proclaim.

P S A L M CXX.

A COMPLAINT OF LITIGIOUS AND
PROFANE DOMESTICS.

IN past Distress my God was near,
And answer'd my Request;
He then vouchsaf'd to sooth my Care,
And set my Soul at rest.

Hear and redress my present Wrongs
Thou sov'reign PRINCE of Fate!
Withdraw me from opprobrious Tongues,
And Lips that breathe Deceit.

Will nothing less restrain your Spleen,
Ye fiery Sons of Rage?
Let bearded Arrows, hot and keen,
Your Insolence engage.

Alas ! my golden Hours of Life

Litigious Tongues destroy : —

Unhappy Lot, where clam'rous Strife,

Drowns ev'ry silent Joy !

Long have I dwelt where Discord reigns ;

O might I quit the Place,

To range the unfrequented Plains,

Or mazy Wilderness !

Peace (lovely, soft, consoling Guest !)

Invites me to her Charms,

But when I urge it to the rest,

They've all recourse to Arms.

P S A L M XIII.

AN HUMBLE EXPOSTULATION FOR MERCY,
AND HOPE IN AFFLICTION.

GREAT God! how long wilt thou restrain
The Op'nings of thy Grace?

While I in heavy Sighs complain,
Sequester'd from thy Face.

How long shall Grief and anxious Thought
My lab'ring Soul divide?
Say, wilt thou crush my Life to nought,
Beneath insulting Pride?

Eternal God! indulge my Pray'r,
Ere I resign my Breath;
Lighten mine Eyes, and sooth my Care,
Before I sleep in Death.

The haughty Infolence of Man

Prefumes on thy Delay,

Whose Tyranny has now began

To make my Life a Prey.

But from thy wonted Grace I draw

Substantial Hopes of Joy;

The Contemplation of thy Law

Is my divine Employ.

Thy former Mercies chear my Mind,

And bid me not despair:

A God so holy, just, and kind,

Let all the Earth revere!

PSALMS PARAPHRASED. 75

P S A L M CXLIV.

VER. 5, 7, 8, 9.

ADDRESS TO OMNIPOTENCE.

DESCEND, eternal God of Might!
When I invoke thy sov'reign Grace;

Let Mountains tremble at thy Sight,
And Heav'n dissolve before thy Face!

From thy celestial Throne survey
How Strangers persecute my Soul;
Vouchsafe to bear me hence away,
Nor let the Torrent on me roll.

Withdraw me from the servile Crowd,
Whose Hands with Wickedness abound;
Whose Mouth of Vanity is loud,
Whose Clamours all my Peace confound.

76 . P S A L M S P A R A P H R A S E D .

Then shall the Muse in Songs divine

Her utmost Skill and Genius raise ;

My Voice and Instrument shall join,

In grateful Concert to thy Praise.

P S A L M CXXX.

DIVINE MEDITATION, AND FAITH IN GOD.

OUT of the Deep of sad Distress,

The gloomy Mazes of Despair,

To Heav'n I raise my warm Address—

Deign, O my GOD ! to hear my Pray'r.

O let thine Ear indulge my Grief!

For thy Indulgence is Relief.

Should'st thou, O GOD, minutely scan

Our Faults, and as severely chide,

No mortal Seed of sinful Man

Could such a Scrutiny abide.

But Mercy shines in all thy Ways;

Bright Theme of universal Praise!

With longing Eyes I seek the LORD,

Before his Throne my Soul attends,

Firmly on his eternal Word

My Hope is fix'd, my Faith depends.

Before the Dawn my Soul shall rise

In Contemplation to the Skies.

Ye pious Minds on GOD rely ;

With full Assurance in him trust :

He sends Redemption from on high,

And sooths your penitential Dust..

Who will absolve his exil'd Heirs

From all their Guilt, and all their Cares.

PSALM 124

With longing eyes I seek the Lord

Before his Throne my soul attends

Firmly on his eternal Word

My Hope is fix'd, my Faith depends

Before the Dawn my soul shall rise

In Contemplation to the skies

No pious minds on God rely

With full Assurance in him trust

He sends Redemption from on high

And looses your penitential Dues

Who will absolve his evil'd Heart

From all their Guilt, and all their Curses

THE
PRINCE
AND THE
PATRIOT:
A POEM,
IN
THREE DIALOGUES.

THREE DIALOGUES.

IN

A POEM,

PARATROIC

AND THE

PERNICIOUS

THE

THE PRINCE and the PATRIOT

DIALOGUE I.

PRINCE.

HAIL, studious Lover of this calm Retreat!
Where soft Repose and tranquil Pleasures meet.

PATRIOT.

WELCOME, illustrious PRINCE! whose candid Smile
Can soften Rage, and Faction reconcile:
Your Presence will intruding Cares dispel,
And add Distinction to my humble Cell.

PRINCE.

I COME, PHILEMON, for no other End
Than to commence your Pupil and your Friend:

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On public Life your Sentiments to trace ;
Your sage Advice with Candor to embrace ;
Your *golden Mean* of Temperance to know,
And learn your Estimate of Bliss below.

PATRIOT.

THIS Condescension, laudable as great,
Presents *Minerva* at your royal Feet ;
Indulgent on the public Int'rest smiles ;—
Auspicious *Omen* to the *Queen of Isles*.
When *Royalty* its dazzling Sphere declines,
And in a milder Point of Glory shines ;
In clearer Views its Lustre is display'd,
Beneath the Umbrage of the borrow'd Shade.

PRINCE.

ARE you sincere in what you now advance ?
Or is it only modern Complaisance ?
If so, for Flattery I need not roam,
Since I have *Sycophants* enow at home.

P A T R I O T.

SUCH Adulators, SIR, are rarely known,
Who have nor seek Dependence on a Throne.
For me, I utterly despise and hate
All servile Tools, and fawning Curs of State.
Who, like the supple Spaniel, cringe and sooth,
And tho' array'd in Falshood, mimic Truth.

P R I N C E.

THOU art the Man whose Sentiments I prize,
Which flow spontaneous, and without Disguise.
Whose Conversation will such Truths impart,
As are the Dictates of an honest Heart.
Acquaint me, therefore, whence AMBITION springs,
And how it op'rates on the Minds of *Kings*?

P A T R I O T.

AMBITION, SIR, is an extreme Desire;
A prompt Incentive, eager to aspire.

4 THE PRINCE AND THE PATRIOT.

Pride is the Source malignant whence it flows ;

No Bounds it measures, and no End it knows.

In lower Life it feeds on empty Praise ;

In the *Museum* 'tis a Wreath of Bays :

In martial Camps it builds on fleeting Fame,

And combats Death t' immortalize a Name :

But in a *Courtier* 'tis an harmless Thing,

A purple Ribband and an azure String :

A gaudy Trifle on the Breast, or so,

With Livery and Title *A propos*.

PRINCE.

AMBITION — 'Tis no formidable Word ;

A perfect Charm, to Famine or the Sword.

PATRIOT.

To such as dwell on Syllables alone,

There's nothing dreadful in the *Term*, I own :

'Tis not in Words, but Deeds, the Danger lies,

Beyond the Ken of most unwary Eyes.

Let us suppose some *senior Drone* of State,
 Rolling in *Mammon*, and with Pow'r elate;
 The *sole Ambition* of this fordid Elf,
 Centers in his *right honourable Self*.
 Not to enrich a Nation, but enslave;
 Not to excite its Vigour, but deprave;
 Not in the Cause of LIBERTY to rise,
 But how to drain the Public of Supplies;
 How best to sanctify some fordid Scheme,
 And push his Country to the *last Extreme*;
 And while with specious Craft he undermines,
 To cloke th' Imposture of his dark Designs,
 Is his *Ambition*. — Lastly, let us bring
 The Issue near, and view it in a *King*.

WHEN *Majesty* begins to feel the *Taint*,
 The Head is sick, and the whole Heart is faint:
Prerogative with giant Strides comes on,
 And *supple Slaves* admit the Claim *nem. con.*

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A *standing Host* of Veterans in Arms,
 Quash all Disputes, and silence all Alarms.
Despotic Pow'r, with brazen Front appears,
 And gentle *Non-resistance* greets our Ears.
 Excessive Gabels on the Public rise,
 New Schemes of Politics, and of Excise.
 Faction succeeds, and party Feuds run high;
 Commerce declines, and FREEDOM breathes a Sigh.
 Review each Period of the human Stage,
 From Earth's *sole Monarch*, to the present Age;
 What Devastations, Slaughter, Blood, and Fire,
 Have sprung from this *insatiable Desire*?
 Cities reduc'd to a perpetual Void,
 Kingdoms laid waste, and Commonwealths destroy'd.

PRINCE.

RESOLVE me when this *Evil* first began.

PATRIOT.

ALMOST coeval with its *Vassal* MAN.

Adam aspiring to commence a *God*,
 Sunk to his native Origin, a *Clod*.
 Succeeding Lords of this terrestrial Ball
 Have copy'd all the Series of his Fall.
 Climbing too high, *Vertigos* seize their Brain,
 And down they tumble to the Earth again.
 And may such Blunders constantly betray,
 The grand Abettors of *despotic Sway*.

PRINCE.

THAT such AMBITION as you've here defin'd
 Subverts the gen'ral Good of human Kind,
 Is an undoubted Truth; my Soul repels
 Its softer Whispers, and its haughty Swells.
 But say, are there no laudable Designs
 Wherein a Spirit of AMBITION shines?
 No Objects worthy to excite its Flame?
 And must we totally erase the *Name*?
 Something Imagination would present,
 That seems t' embrace it in its full Extent.

P A T R I O T.

YES — let *Ambition* for the *public Good*,
 With an exalted Ardor be pursu'd.
 Such is the Object that should make it glow,
 And such the Channel where it ought to flow.
 That PRINCE, who zealous in his Country's Cause,
 Preserves its Rights, Enfranchises, and Laws;
 Acts in the Sphere for which he was design'd,
 Ambitious ONLY how to *blefs Mankind*;
 Shall live recorded in the Lists of Fame,
 When Brass nor Marble can retain his Name.
 When haughty *Tyrants* that embroil'd the World,
 Are to the Shades of dark Oblivion hurl'd.
 Who, like the flaming Torch with livid Fire,
 Blaze for a while, then in a *Stink* expire.

P R I N C E.

THY Words, PHILEMON, so much Truth impart,
 They raise my Genius, and engage my Heart.

But certain Forms, wherewith I can't dispense,
Unfriendly to my Wishes, call me hence.

When Time permits, my Visit I'll renew,
Till when be happy. — — — — —

P A T R I O T.

— — — — — ROYAL SIR, Adieu.

D I A L O G U E.

P R I N C E.

JUST to my Word, a vacant Hour I've fought,
T' amuse PHILEMON in abstracted Thought.
With an impartial Freedom, therefore, deign
To solve my Queries, and my Doubts explain.
And first, by solid Arguments, evince,
Where lies the Strength and Safety of a PRINCE;
Then say by what *Criterion* may we know
They keep the Channel where they ought to flow.

98 THE PRINCE AND THE PATRIOT.

P A T R I O T.

A PRINCE, we need no Arguments to prove,
 Must build his *Safety* on his Peoples *Love*. —
 This ev'ry Friend to Monarchy must own
 The grand Support and Basis of a Throne.
 Some Politicians of a *modern Date*,
 Make Gold the Hedge and Bulwark of the State.
 But *great* ELIZA deem'd it more secure
 Her Peoples Hearts than Purfes to infure.
 Of the Affections of Mankind possess'd,
 No anxious Fears invade the royal Breast.
 Calm and serene it braves the Storms of Life,
 Secure in *foreign* or *domestic* Strife.
 But squeeze the Subject, and by Law oppress,
 Tho' *great* the Tyrant, still the Monarch's *less*.
 Gold, so extracted, breeds a fatal Rust,
 Corroding Jealousy, and dark Distrust.
 Not in a pension'd and obsequious Tribe,
 In low Corruption, or a venal Bribe;

Not in a Swarm of military Beaux,
 Drawn out in gay Reviews and public Shows ;
 Not in a *Minister's* intriguing Skill,
 Or all his venal Hackneys of the Quill,
 Is Majesty secure : — When these prevail,
 The *Sceptre* trembles in the *yielding Scale*.
 Away with all *Distinctions* from a Throne ;
 The *public Interest* can be but **ONE** :
 Which, as it fixes their united Care,
 Both PRINCE and SUBJECT *mutually* share.
 On either Side whate'er *Incroachments* rise,
 Infringe the UNION, and dissolve its Ties.
 Then blasted be their Counsels and their Pride,
 Whose *Measures* only *weaken and divide*.

PRINCE

BUT grant such *fatal Measures* cloud a Reign,
 What must compensate and expunge the Stain?

THE PRINCE AND THE PATRIOT.

P A T R I O T.

TAKE this short Remedy, and full of Ease,
Remove the *Causes*, and the *Evils* cease.

P R I N C E.

BUT may not Innocence be oft' abus'd,
Falsly aspers'd, and wrongfully accus'd?

P A T R I O T.

I GRANT it may some *Calumnies* excite,
Which only place it in a fairer Light;
But Actions laudable, impartial, true,
No gen'ral Clamour ever can pursue.
The *public Censure* wounds no rising Fame,
Till Facts their own *Obliquity* proclaim.

P R I N C E.

How shall a PRINCE unveil each dark Disguise,
Thro' the dull *Medium* of another's Eyes?

THE PRINCE AND THE PATRIOT 93

Or what must he believe who only hears

Upon the Credit of another's Ears?

P A T R I O T.

A PRINCE so weak (if any such there be)

In stricter Speech, does neither hear nor see.

For while on smooth Imposture he depends,

He *Nothing* views, and *Nothing* apprehends.

But blow the dark, obstructing Cloud away,

The Prospect brightens, and the Scene is Day.

P R I N C E.

MAY we suppose a *general Alarm*

Too insufficient to dissolve the Charm?

P A T R I O T.

YEs, when the *Magic* operates so strong,

That all is right, and nothing *can* be wrong.

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PRINCE.

YE *Gods*, indulge a short pathetic Pray'r,
And screen your *Vot'ry* from the fatal Snare.

Confound the Stratagems of venal Slaves,
And blast the Schemes of *ministerial* Knaves.

PATRIOT.

I, FROM my Soul, the Invocation join,
With full Detection to each dark Design.

PRINCE.

WELL, evil *Ministers* are dang'rous Things,
The *Scourge* of Nations, and the *Pest* of Kings.

PATRIOT.

No Epithet Invention can bestow,
Describes them justly, or can sink so low.

THE PRINCE AND THE PATRIOT.

93

PRINCE.

By what *unhallow'd Means* do such support,
And cultivate their Interests at Court?
Or how when public Clamours stun their Ears,
Can they dissemble or renounce their Fears?

PATRIOT.

THAT *Minister* whose Honour licks the Dust,
Makes Gold his *God*, and sordid Heaps his *Trust*.
By these he plants his *venal Minions* near,
And stops the Av'nues to the *royal Ear*.
Much senatorial Influence insures,
And a *corrupt Majority* secures.
What, if dissected by some poignant Pen?
A sov'reign *Gazette* licks him whole again.
Or, should some *wiser Heads* exert their Skill,
And *over-reach* him by a longer Quill;
Some trite Expedient must the Blunder smother,
And one *d—mn'd Treaty* patches up another.

26 THE PRINCE AND THE PATRIOT.

Thus some their Nation's Interests betray,

And thus negotiate all its Rights away.

PRINCE.

AND will an *injur'd* People tamely see

Such Rapes committed on their Liberty?

A final Mart of Slavery advance,

And sink to Ruin out of Complaisance?

PATRIOT.

No; when *repeated Lenitives* are try'd

Without Effect, *Corrosives* are apply'd.

When *Empyrics* in vain have tir'd their Skill,

The Public forces down the *final Pill*.

New Health the *Constitution* soon regains,

The Villas ring, and Pleasure crowns the Plains.

PRINCE.

BUT may not *Perturbations* in the State,

Condemn a rash Procedure, when too late?

THE PRINCE AND THE PATRIOT.

99

P A T R I O T.

To curb *Ambition*, when it swells too high,

Or crush a *Knave*, no Rashness can imply.

'Tis what the Public to its Safety owes,

What Justice claims, and Reason wou'd propose.

And such as on their *Country's Wrongs* aspire,

Shou'd only be advanc'd to swing the high'r.

P R I N C E.

PLEAS'D, I behold thy gen'rous Ardor rise,

And seriously approve thy just Replies.

Such public Spirit and peculiar Sense,

The honest Sentiments of Truth dispense.

Nothing more pow'rful cou'd engage my Stay,

But Time prorogues me to a further Day.

[Farewel. —

P A T R I O T.

— — — MAY all that charms a God-like Mind,

Accompany the FRIEND of human Kind!

98 THE PRINCE AND THE PATRIOT.

DIALOGUE.

PRINCE.

CHARM'D with the Sweets of rural Ease, unknown
'Midst the fatiguing Splendors of a Throne;
Once more I quit the tinsel Pomp of State,
To join PHILEMON in the cool Debate:
To taste the Pleasures of a silent Grot,
The calm Resolves of philosophic Thought.
While most the narrow Schemes of Sense pursue,
And range the Maze of Life without a Clue;
Teach me to steer, by Reason's lucid Beam,
The golden Mean that touches no Extreme.

PATRIOT.

Who thus the princely Character maintains,
In ev'ry gen'rous Breast exalted reigns.

THE PRINCE AND THE PATRIOT. 66

Affords Mankind a laudable Prefage,
Of Blessings in *Reserve* to crown the Age.
The pleasing Thought exhilarate my Mind,
And throws the Weight of present Ills behind.

PRINCE.

SAY whence the purest Tides of Honour spring,
And what *endears* the Mem'ry of a *King*.
What royal Virtues dignify a Throne,
So little practis'd, and so rarely known.

PATRIOT.

THE brightest Rays that Honour can impart,
Must flow from Truth, and Honesty of Heart.
By these to that untainted Fame aspire,
So *many* covet, and so *few* acquire.
Those Virtues that embellish private Life,
That shine in Friendship, or adorn a Wife;
Plac'd near a Throne, superior Lustre gain,
And heighten all the Glories of a Reign.

100 THE PRINCE AND THE PATRIOT.

But those wherein a Monarch should excel,
Are briefly thus compriz'd, *To govern WELL.*

WHEN salutary Measures are pursu'd,
Productive only of the gen'ral Good;
When *civil Policy* extensive shines,
In noble Plans and laudable Designs;
When Art and Industry no Clogs impede,
And drooping *Commerce* rears her sickly Head;
When *sacred LIBERTY* serenely smiles,
And blooming Plenty crowns the public Toils;
When God-like *Virtue* is the brightest Gem
That shines resplendent in the *Diadem*;
When Honour, Genius, Probity, Desert,
Form the *distinguish'd* Characters at Court;
When Justice, Mercy, Truth, the Scepter wield,
(With Rapture felt, with grateful Joy beheld;)
How *just*, how *mild*, how *gentle* is the Sway!
'Tis Pleasure join'd with Duty to obey.

BUT change the Scene, let *public Spirit* fail,
 O'er-balanc'd in the *ministerial Scale*;
 Let fordid Av'rice, and the Lust of Pow'r,
 A Nation's Wealth and Interests devour;
 Let LIBERTY inconsolable sigh,
 And ev'ry noble Scheme in Embryo die;
 Let *Commerce*, banish'd from her native Shore,
 In foreign Marts the Wealth of *India* pour;
 Let infamous Corruption raise her Crest,
 And drain the Vitals of the public Chest;
 While Schemes of dark Iniquity prevail,
 Honour profan'd, and Conscience set to sale;
 While Virtue sinks, and Truth conceals her Face,
 Like some abandon'd Vixen in Disgrace;
 While fair Desert — — — —

P R I N C E.

— — — FORBEAR, my wounded Ear
 Abhors the *hideous Catalogue* to hear:

102 THE PRINCE AND THE PATRIOT.

When such Defects in Government we feel,
The royal Scepter is a Rod of Steel.

P A T R I O T.

IF 'tis a God-like Attribute to bless,
And only Pow'r infernal can oppress;
How glorious shines the PRINCE, whose *regal Plan*
Consults the Peace and Happiness of MAN!
Succeeding Ages shall recite his Fame,
And latest Times revere his *deathless* Name.
But for the rest, they *justly* meet their Fate,
Branded with Infamy and public Hate.

P R I N C E.

THY plain Veracity I much revere;
Soft Speech may sooth, but Truth will be sincere.
Tell me, do Kings such Happiness enjoy,
As least imbibes the Mixtures of Alloy?
Do Pleasures equal to their Greatness flow?
Or feel they what inferior Mortals know?

P A T R I O T.

IMPERIAL Greatness, rightly understood,
Is but an higher Pow'r of doing Good.

Not to inculcate Vanity design'd,

But *more extensively* to bless Mankind.

And when in View to this important End,

Princes their sov'reign Influence extend;

They feel such Pleasures, and such Joys pursue,

As are sincerely great, sublime, and true.

But *Royalty* abus'd or misapply'd,

Is strictly to Unhappiness ally'd:

Beneath such sad Defects it leaves the Mind,

As close th' Entail of Bitterness behind.

'Tis not the *Use*, but the *right Use*, of Pow'r,

Must give the calm, and self-approving Hour.

Exalted Grandeur and Magnificence,

Have no intrinsic Raptures to dispense.

104 THE PRINCE AND THE PATRIOT.

One gen'rous Act more solid Comfort brings,
Than all the Pomp and Pageantry of Kings.

PRINCE.

JUST are thy Sentiments, and full of Truth;
They charm my Soul, and animate my Youth.
But say the brightest Virtues grac'd a Throne,
How few wou'd take the Pattern for their own!

PATRIOT.

MISTAKE me not; we greedily import,
And copy all the *Novelties* at Court.
A bright Example, therefore, shou'd pursue,
At least, on this Account, *Because 'twas new.*

PRINCE.

THY justly-keen, satyrical Reply,
Let such refute, who feel it pinch too nigh.
Had I but equal to my Will, the Pow'r,
Beneficence should sanctify each Hour:

THE PRINCE AND THE PATRIOT.

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Mankind shou'd bless a second golden Age,
And all *rapacious Harpies* quit the Stage.

P A T R I O T.

LET gen'rous Minds this Sentiment revere,
So truly worthy an IMPERIAL HEIR.
On dawning Hope the distant Prospect raise
Of calm Tranquility and *halcyon* Days.
Tho' *public Evils* in Succession rise,
“ And tho' with frightful Aspect they surprise;”
This Speculation sooths my anxious Mind,
There lives a PRINCE, who *feels* for all Mankind.

11:7:49

T H E E N D.

TO ADVERTISE

IT may not be improper to acquaint
of the foregoing Sheets had no other
country School-mistress could bestow upon
thought sufficient, as he was designed for
far he improved by his own Industry, notwithstanding
Weight of Poverty and Distress he laboured
he has left us evidently shew: For as the

Haud facile emergunt, quorum

Res angusta domi —

This is mentioned, not to bespeak the
Critic; but to inform the candid and
readily allow that the Sallies of true Genius
our Author's Compositions, make ample
reparations that may have slipped from his Pen
even rough from its native Mine, plays a
a more languid and feeble Lustre, that
lish of Education.

DISSEMINATION.

acquaint the Public, that the Author
d no other Education than what a
estow upon him; which his Parents
igned for a mechanic Business. How
ustry, notwithstanding the oppressive
s he laboured under, the few Pieces
For as the Poet observes,

t, quorum virtutibus obstat

JUV.

espeak the Favour of the supercilious
did and judicious Reader: who will
true Genius, every where visible in
ke ample amends for any little Inaccu-
his Pen. Such a Diamond as this,
e, plays a sprightlier Beam, than one of
tre, that has received the highest Po-

The Editor.